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depends as much on the way the world takes him as on the way he offers himself. Let us take Epictetus as we take all things in these critical days, eclectically. Let us take what suits us, and leave what does not suit us. There is no doubt but we shall find much to our purpose; for we still suffer, and as long as we suffer we must act a part.

"I am acquainted with no book," says Mr. Higginson, "in which the inevitable laws of retribution are more grandly stated, with less of merely childish bribery or threatening." The reader of Epictetus will easily discover what is meant by this, and will decide that, explain it by Stoicism or any other name one may choose, it is for this fact that our author is pre-eminently valuable. That no gain can make up for the loss of virtue is an old story, but Epictetus makes it new. What is the punishment, he inquires, of craven spirits? "To be as they are." "Paris, they say," to quote from another chapter, "was undone when the Greeks invaded Troy and laid it waste, and his family were slain in battle. By no means; for no one is undone by an action not his own. . . . His true undoing was when he lost modesty, faith, honor, virtue. When was Achilles undone? When Patroclus died? By no means. But when he gave himself up to rage." And in another place: "I lost my lamp because the thief was better at keeping awake than I. But for that lamp he paid the price of becoming a thief, for that lamp *he lost his virtue and became like a wild beast*. This seemed to him a good bargain; and so let it be!" And in still another: "Is there not a divine and inevitable law, which exacts the greatest punishments from those who are guilty of the greatest offences? For what says this law? Let him who claims what belongs not to him be arrogant, be vainglorious, be base, be a slave; let him grieve, let him envy, let him pity; and, in a word, let him lament and be miserable." "*That he is unhappy*," he says elsewhere, "is an addition every one must make for himself." This is good Stoicism; and to bear it well in mind is neither more nor less, for us moderns, than to *apply* Epictetus.

11. — *The Young Man's Friend; containing Admonitions for the Erring, Counsel for the Tempted, Encouragement for the Desponding, and Hope for the Fallen.* By DANIEL C. EDDY, D. D. New Series. Boston: Graves and Young. 1865. 12mo. pp. 268.

OF all men, theologians would seem, at first sight, least likely to adopt Hobbes or any part of his system. Indeed, if Dr. Eddy were to be told he was a disciple of that philosopher, a holy horror would seize him, like the feeling which he seems to experience whenever he reflects

upon that unhappy butt of religious hate, the author of "The Age of Reason." In teachers of religion we should hardly expect to find supporters of opinions resting upon a view of human nature in which fear, hate, and avarice pave the way to love and generosity. Yet in the Church, of all places, these cynical theories have flourished, and Hobbes's denouncers have ever been in secret accord with him. Dr. Eddy, like so many others, thinks that all goodness is to be pumped into us with the handle of some badness; that it is only through the meaner passions that a flow of virtue can be created; by hard pumping he tries to do this. The real source of love of duty and God, Hobbes and Dr. Eddy say, is fear of the unpleasant consequences of vice. Mr. Eddy, it is true, differs from Hobbes in not being thoroughly consistent; for he occasionally will wander off, as he does toward the close of his book, in praise of virtue, as if it were something to be attained without recourse to low means; but, generally, both he and his fellow-Churchmen are steadfast in the opinion that the upright man is made so by the props of passions in themselves unrighteous.

Look, young man, these gentlemen say, at the yawning, bottomless, murky, venomous, terrible pit which Satan has prepared for your youthful, unwary footsteps; see how in this corner lurk the dangers of disease, in that of poverty, in that of infamy. Think, young man, of that dismal end of a vicious career, unfriended death, — with none near to solace, — no brother, no sister, no wife, to watch the sands of life as they run through the dimmed glass, — dimmed, young man, by the ever-deepening stain of wickedness. If you are not frightened by this picture into virtue and religion, all we can say is, that you ought to be. Or, again, to look at another side, we know, young man, that you prefer a good to a bad bargain. Inspect, young gentleman, if you please, the bargain we are authorized to offer, — the best, positively, in the market. The following articles are going at a sacrifice: one lot of contented days, one assortment of indemnities for past offences, one fee-simple lot in Paradise. This valuable stock we ask you to invest in, at a price far below par, — in a word, the only return we are permitted to ask is your soul; which, in its present situation, is of no value to you, besides being in the greatest danger; and which, once transferred to us, (merely in trust too, not for our own use,) will entitle you to the dividends accruing on this safe and extraordinarily cheap investment. We commend virtue and religion to you, therefore, on the ground of their safeness, cheapness, and high rate of interest. The question is, Will you get your money's worth?

This is a sample of Mr. Eddy and his friendship. If the book stood by itself, it would fall, nor would it deserve notice; but being made

after the pattern of many others, and having, without doubt, considerable influence, (its readers are told, in a detached Preface, that of a former "Friend" a hundred thousand copies have been sold,) it may serve as an example of a class of books, sermons, and exhortations which, with most painful goads, urge the young and inexperienced into a specious righteousness. The immense sale spoken of would hardly seem credible, if we did not reflect that for centuries men have been willing to estimate religion, and virtue, and themselves at the valuation advised by their priests. Human nature has, till very lately, been content to be considered essentially mean, depraved, and timid; but, notwithstanding this contumely heaped upon it by generations of preachers, has, at every opportunity, happily falsified their predictions. Dr. Eddy, for instance, says that human beings are afflicted with "a disordered intellect, a seared conscience, a perverted will, blinded affections, and downward tendencies." Nor is this all; unpleasant as the picture is, the Doctor has a worse reality behind, — a reality from which he never fairly lifts the curtain, but whose horrors he amply displays by implication. Not satisfied with painting human nature as having a downward tendency, he appears to believe that it is in the seventh circle already; that the young men whom he addresses are not only apt to sin, but utterly lost in sin's mire and filth. Young men, however, are not such monsters as their instructor seems to suppose; nor are they such cowards as he thinks. Youth may tend to many things more strongly than to virtue, and from its very rawness and impulsiveness is less able to comprehend the full beauty and dignity of goodness; but youth is not, despite the efforts of the pulpit to make it consider itself so, vicious; nor is it, on the other hand, so timid as to be afraid of that first glass of wine which Dr. Eddy, in common with so many worthy men, depicts as a tumultuous, stormy sea of intoxicating drink, engulfing all who venture from its shores. Youth, in fact, is somewhat courageous, and feels a strength within itself to combat and defeat whatever puts itself in its way. Dr. Eddy will not terrify it much by such turbid eloquence as this: "You will soon be on the bed of death, young men, — how soon, none can tell. And would it not be well to try to look at things now as you will look at them when you come to the bed of death, when you are but an inch from eternity? An inch from eternity! And is it possible you will ever be brought so near eternity as that? An inch from eternity! An inch from eternity! And what will you do when you come so near as that? What will you do when you are so near the great white throne as that?" It is true that this explosion may be excused, in a measure, by its position; for it is at the end of one of the lectures of which the book is

made, and the Doctor seems to find it necessary to be always a little explosive in a peroration ; but, though allowances may be made, the outrage offered by such a passage to good feeling and sense is not to be forgiven. The young man who has eaten a comfortable breakfast, and knows his digestion to be strong, and his nerves in good order, is not likely to be frightened to good purpose by being told that the time may soon come when he will be within a twelfth of a foot of eternity, and being asked to reflect upon what his unpleasant sensations will be when he is an inch from the great white throne. And this reverberation of inches from one side of the page to the other, — what is it all but the same shallow, material attempt at sensation which Protestants laugh at in Catholics and practise among themselves, — which we all ridicule in our theatres, and so many of us admire in our churches?

Dr. Eddy is, in fact, (and we say it without thought of impugning his good intentions) a sensationist quite as much as the younger Sylvanus Cobb or Mr. Chadband. Indeed, we can almost forgive him for reminding us of Hobbes, when he so forcibly and pleasantly recalls "Bleak House," on pages 138 and 139: — "I can see how a man may love to smoke, — make a chimney of his throat and a smoke-pipe of his lips ; I can see how a man may love to drink a social glass ; but how an intelligent man can swear and curse, I do not understand. Why, I should as soon think of committing suicide ! What ! call on God — the God who is able to do it — to blast my eyes, to damn my soul, to send me or my friends to hell ! What a wretch a man must be to call on God to do any of these things ! And yet hundreds are doing it every day of life. Is it gentlemanly ? No. Is it brave ? No. Is it musical ? No. Is it polite ? No. Is it decent ? No. Is it safe ? No." — "My friends," says Mr. Chadband, "peace be upon this house ! On the master thereof, on the mistress thereof, on the young maidens, and on the young men ! My friends, why do I wish for peace ? What is peace ? Is it war ? No. Is it strife ? No. Is it lovely, and gentle, and beautiful, and pleasant, and serene, and joyful ? O yes !"

12.—*The Letters of WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.* (1769–1791.)

Translated from the Collection of LUDWIG NOHL, by LADY WALLACE. With a Portrait and Facsimile. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 2 vols. 16mo. pp. xv. 332 ; vii. 297. 1866.

THE first thought, perhaps, which occurs to one in laying down these volumes is, that we have a more intimate knowledge of Mozart through